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HOWARD BROS., Distributors,
South Barre, Vermont.

Misrepresents Vermont.

In the course of an excellent editorial endorsing an organization of all the friends of Vermont, including residents and non-residents and people of both sexes, into a New Vermont association, The Landmark of White River Junction makes a statement that grossly misrepresents conditions in Vermont. This is the statement:—"While the population has remained almost stationary, and farm values have enormously decreased," etc. There has been no enormous decrease in farm values. On the contrary there has been a material increase. According to the United States census the value of land and buildings of Vermont farms has increased from \$83,071,620 in 1900 to \$112,588,275 in 1910. The average value of all farm property per farm in 1900 was \$3,270; in 1910, \$4,445.

A statement to the effect that farm values have decreased enormously is a most mischievous one to make at the inauguration of a movement for "A New Vermont association" because it is untrue and discouraging to the real friends of the state. There is a reason for the increase of the value of farm lands in Vermont. Government statistics show that it is more productive per acre in wheat, corn, oats and hay than the other states producing the greatest amount of these staple crops. These are the statements that should be impressed upon any friends of the state who may wish to form a progressive organization in Vermont because it shows they have good material with which to develop agricultural and business life in the state. Vermont has the land and other resources to warrant an organized effort for its development. All it needs is a strong and persistent organization to work for a more productive and therefore a more prosperous and progressive Vermont.

Here is another statement:—"In speaking of the politicians in this same editorial the contemporary says in effect that their one concern is to keep Vermont stagnant that they may

hold all the offices. The truth of this statement is plainly apparent, and it is further true that no state in the Union has so many office holders in proportion to population as has Vermont. Again it is true that the Vermont office holder is the best paid article of the kind in the country, population considered. All this is because the political life of the state is controlled by a few, and such a condition is a dangerous one as is shown by the state's meagre measure of growth and development in the past score years. While we would not claim that Vermont is short of office holders it is pertinent to ask if it has any superfluous office holder. It has, name them. It must be remembered that the tendency of the past decade has been to put more work upon the state. The time was when the town had full control of the educational work and the highways of the state but now the state bears a large proportion of the expenses of these lines of work. There was a time also when there was no supervision of corporations by the state but now the state has greater control. All of these things have increased the number of state officials and these officials are doing excellent work for the state.

We dare not deny the statement that the Vermont office holder is the best paid according to population of any state. But we do say that no man holding an official position in Vermont, who is qualified to hold that position is drawing as much compensation as he would be able to receive for the same amount of labor in some private occupation. The matter of offices and compensation may need attention and revision but the man who makes strong statements as those quoted above is assuming a weak position. Let us be fair and candid in the charges we make against conditions in Vermont and what we say will have more weight. The political control of the state should rest with the people just as far as they will assume the burden but the people should be told the truth about present conditions. —St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

BACKBONE IS BROKEN

Granges See the Finish of the Insurgents

THE MOVEMENT IS CHECKED

Say Standpatters, But Opponents Make Denial—No Open Clashes Between Factions This Week, Say Latters.

Columbus, O., Nov. 18.—Members of the majority organization in the convention of the national grange declared with the resumption of business yesterday that the backbone of the so-called insurgent movement had been broken. Committee reports were the chief matters at the early sessions.

A number of men affiliated with the so-called insurgent or progressive wing of the grange asserted that there probably would be no open clashes between the opposing factions this week, for the reason that those in control of the order of business were handling affairs so as to permit no opportunity for an insurgent movement to take hold.

C. B. Kegley, master of the Washington state grange, who is actively in charge of the insurgent movement, and A. C. Dietrich of Chambersburg, Pa., editor of a grange paper, predicted that real action would not take place till next Monday.

RAILROAD TO AID FARMERS.

New Haven to Encourage Agriculture Through Industrial Bureau.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 18.—With a view of bringing about closer relations with the New England farmer, and for the encouragement of agriculture, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company, through its industrial bureau, has recently secured a favorable option on 36,000 acres of farm and timber land in Maine, a part of which the Maine Central Railroad company will use for an experimental farm, under the supervision of the bureau with a view to colonizing the property at a later date. The New Haven company also has erected a large warehouse at its Harlem river terminal for the express purpose of providing storage and giving New England farmers opportunity to reach the Harlem and Bronx markets with their farm products.

The first report by Manager Seeley of the industrial bureau, has just been made to the New Haven company. It refers especially to the work of the bureau in developing farm industry, including the encouragement of specialty farming, truck gardening, the expansion of apple culture, and to its part in recent exhibitions where New England farm products took high prizes. It adds that there is planned the establishment of several plants for supplying the farmers with ground lime rock at a low cost which will allow its use in large quantities. An agricultural publication has been purchased, and will be conducted for free distribution among the farmers. In its first six months, the bureau has dealt directly with 2,500 freight and ticket agents, with fifteen hundred or more chambers of commerce, boards of trade, business men's bodies, and state, town, village, collegiate, farm and other associations in the New England states.

LUCK OF A MINER.

What He Deemed a Disaster Brought Him a Fortune.

The miners of New Mexico tell a queer story which illustrates their belief in luck. A miner was trudging along one hot day through a gulch, with the sun shining on his back, when he smelled smoke and presently, to his dismay, discovered that his knapsack was on fire.

Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining specimens, and for want of room he had hung the glass on the outside and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his pack.

As among the contents were fifteen pounds of powder he lost no time in dropping the dangerous burden and getting as far away as possible. The haversack fell between two big rocks, while the miner from a safe distance mournfully watched the smoke rising from his sole worldly possessions.

Presently there came a deafening explosion, and the miner went to gather up what he could find. Then his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glistening with gold. His powder had literally blown open a gold mine, and he was made a rich man in an instant. He named the mine the "Nick o' Time."—Exchange.

Walked Home.

Any pigeon fancier who wants to enter a bird in a slow race need but communicate with Charley Otto. He has one he thinks is positively the slowest feathered biped in the world. Otto has been a pigeonist for a good many years and during the St. Louis exposition of 1904 he took part in the pigeon fly. His birds were all marked by the usual identification bands on their legs, of course. All got in but one, and in the seven years that have passed Mr. Otto had completely forgotten about that bird.

"But the other day when I went into the cote," says Otto, "I saw an old pigeon there that looked familiar. He seemed to be perfectly at home, so by and by I picked him up. Sure enough, it was Thunderbolt II., the pigeon that didn't report after the St. Louis race." "And was he in good health?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Otto. "Perfectly good health. A little thin, perhaps, trained down pretty fine by the exertion of the race—but otherwise all right. Only his toe nails were worked down to the quick by the long walk."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Single Hair

By CLARA L. EVANS

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My little boy had been playing on the street, as usual, with instructions not to go off the block. Living midway between the two cross streets, I could always see him by going to the front door or a window. When it came time for the noon meal I stepped to the door to call him. I looked both ways without seeing him. Frightened, I ran out and up and down the street looking for him. My worst fears were realized when some children told me that a man had taken the boy with him to buy him some candy.

At the time I was too wild with terror to get any description of the man; but, having waited several hours without my boy's returning, I made up my mind that he had been kidnapped and, finding from them that the men was short and thick set with light hair, I called at the police office to notify them of the abduction and intended to give the sergeant what information I had acquired. But I was so discouraged at the way the police talked about the matter—they didn't seem to know where to begin—that I concluded to handle the case myself. I consulted with my husband, who, though in the same trouble as myself, showed admirable self control, and he agreed that we would wait for a demand for ransom without taking any action.

The demand came through the post-office written on a scrap of letter paper and inclosed in an envelope. Whoever wrote it was not so illiterate as kidnappers usually are. The handwriting was that of a man, and the spelling indicated a foreigner. My husband took it to a professor of languages in the university, who, judging from a single word spelled as the sender would pronounce it, concluded that he was a Swede. His light hair tallied with this, since Swedes nearly all are fair.

We wrote a reply stating that we would willingly pay the ransom, that we would have nothing to do with the police and that all we asked was the return of our boy.

A reply came in due time, and I looked the envelope over carefully before opening it. I saw protruding from under the flap of the envelope the end of a hair. Moreover, I noticed that it was almost white. I opened the envelope very carefully, steaming the gum so that I should not tear the paper. A surprise awaited me. On exposing the whole hair—it was about an inch long—I found that, though the part which had protruded was light, the rest of it was black. It occurred to me that the man in order to escape identification had dyed it. Evidently the hair in my possession had grown since its falling about a week, the time that had elapsed since the kidnapping.

The letter directed us to go to a certain suburb on a certain night and on the northwest corner of two intersecting roads we would find a hollow log. We were to put the money in this log. It would be useless, the letter said, for any to follow us, for the space for some distance surrounding the log would be picketed.

Having now a clew, we called in the aid of a professional detective. He said at once that, while our information would be very valuable in identifying the kidnaper, there was but one way of finding him, and that was to track from the postoffice whoever called for the mail. This he undertook to do. But to facilitate his work he suggested that we send an indefinite reply to the letter. So we asked for time to raise the ransom and how long he would give us.

A young man about eighteen years old called for this letter, and as the clerk handed it to him he signaled our detective, who was on the watch. The young man dodged about for an hour, making some very quick turns in order to lose any one who might be following. But our detective was used to that and refused to be lost. He tracked the man to a vacant building that had been occupied for a blacksmith shop. It was only a place of rendezvous, and after the delivery of the letter the young man departed, to be followed about ten minutes later by another man. This one the detective followed to a five story tenement building.

The next day our man kept a watch on those entering and leaving the building and spotted a man whose appearance tallied with the description we had of the kidnaper. He was short and thick set. His hair and beard were a blue black, but his shadow succeeded in getting near enough to him to notice a few days' growth of light hair under the black.

We were not willing to take any risk of our boy being killed, so we decided to pay the ransom and make the arrest immediately afterward—that is, if the kidnaper returned to his quarters. So we left the money in the log and the next morning heard our boy crying outside the door. The relief we experienced is inexpressible.

Our detective, who was on the watch, soon after midnight saw the man he had spotted enter the building he was watching. He dared not make an arrest until we should telephone him that the boy had been returned, but placed a cordon of police about his habitation and a few hours later arrested him.

So we got our ransom back and our boy, too, and all by the kidnaper's carelessness in regard to a single hair.

For the Wheels.

Mr. Wickwire—I have had such a queer humming noise in my head all day. Mr. Wickwire—Why don't you try a little machine oil?—Indianapolis Journal.

Mind is the beginning of civilization, but the ends and fruitage thereof are of the heart.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Daniel Ryan Coming to Barre Opera House Next Week.

The appearance of Mr. Daniel Ryan and his superb company at the Barre opera house next Monday, November 20, for a three days' engagement, bids fair to be one of the most popular engagements that Barre theatregoers have had this season. This is the first time that Mr. Ryan has appeared before a Barre audience for several years, and the older patrons of the theatres know Mr. Ryan as being one of the most powerful and versatile actors on our stage to-day. Mr. Ryan is well known as a portrayal of both modern and classic dramas. Three great plays will be presented. Monday night the thrilling backwoods story of Canadian life, "The Black Fox," Tuesday, Sidney Grundy's English comedy, "Don't Tell My Wife," and on Wednesday Emil Cote's adaptation from the French, "Her Husband's Friend." The seats are now selling at Kendrick's drug store. The prices are 10c, 20c, 30c, 50c.

TWO KILLED IN FIGHT.

Sensational Battle With Desperado In Kentucky.

Whitesburg, Ky., Nov. 18.—One of the most sensational battles in Leitch county in years occurred near Perry Lane yesterday afternoon, when Special Patrolman F. M. Blair, a former United States marshal, was killed, "Wash" Morgan, who was defying arrest and shot the officer, was also killed, and Deputy Sheriff J. D. Blair was so severely wounded that he may not recover.

"Wash" Morgan, who recently returned from the United States army, shot C. C. Flannery, a policeman, over at Roda, Va., in the coal fields a few days ago, and escaped into this country. The officers of Wise county offered a reward of \$200 for Morgan's arrest and Special Patrolman Blair and the deputy sheriff were detailed to go after him.

Morgan was located in an old house heavily armed. The officers made a run for the house, and the same instant Morgan opened fire with the shot that killed Blair. Blair fired also and gave Morgan a fatal wound. Blair was



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EAST BARRE.

Dancing school at opera house, Friday evening, November 21. Instructions start at 7:30 sharp. Mrs. Paton, pianist. Admission 25 cents each. No spectators admitted.

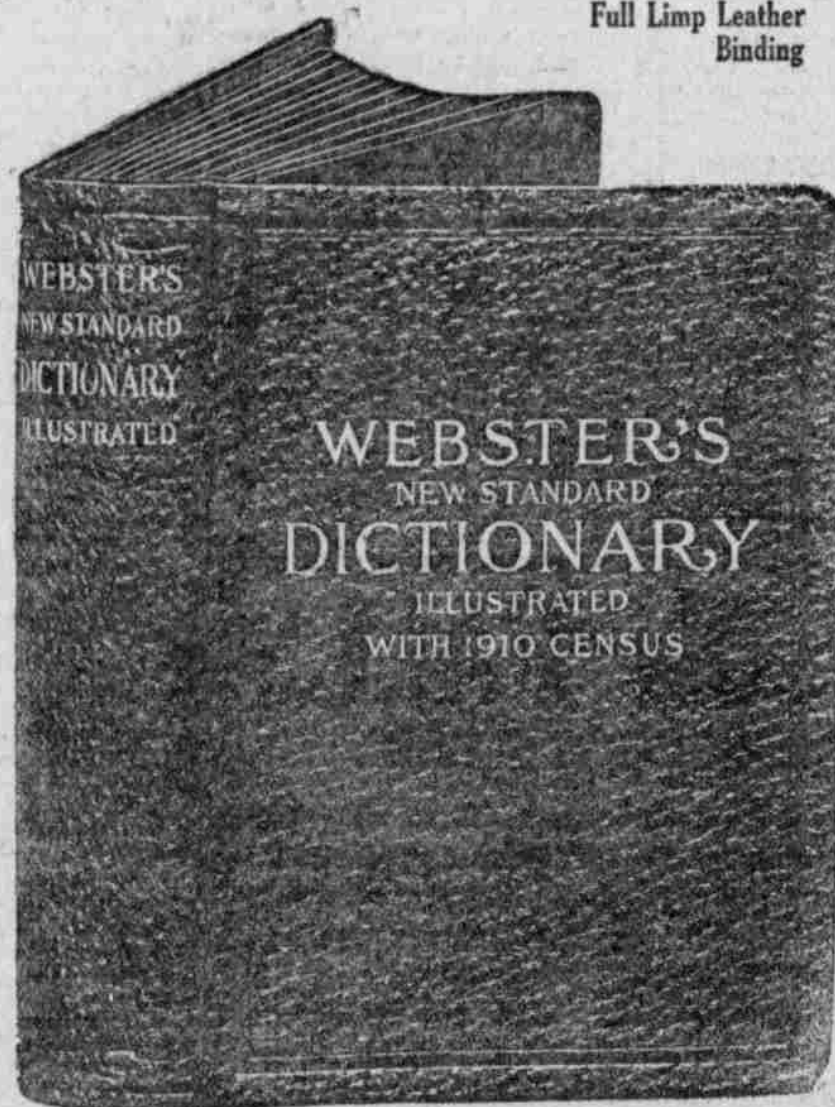
"I wouldn't let a doctor cut my foot off," said H. D. Ely, Bantam, Ohio, "although a horrible ulcer had been the plague of my life for four years. Instead I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my foot was soon completely cured." Heals burns, boils, sores, bruises, eczema, pimples, corns. Surest cure, 25c at the Red Cross Pharmacy.

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